

## THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

**THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.**  
POLITICIANS WILL AGAIN ATTEMPT TO  
BUMBOZZLE THE PEOPLE ON THE  
SILVER BILL.  
A VOTE FOR CRISP IS A VOTE TO DE-  
STROY SILVER AND A VOTE A-  
GAINST THE PEOPLE.  
CLEVELAND WEIGH 327 POUNDS AND  
IS A MASS OF DISEASE.  
ADLAI GETTING HIS WHEATSTONES  
AND AXES READY.  
RENEGADE TILLMAN THE TONGUE-  
SLICING THE ADMINISTRATION  
HAS YET AN ALLOWED.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Democratic Congressmen still persist in bombarding the people. They still rely upon their partial blindness, ignorance and indifference to excuse their own flagrant inconsistencies and gross directions as representatives of the people. They interpret Democratic principles and platform declarations as "meaningless platitudes." "It is humbuggery," they say, "but the people will be humbugged." A North Carolina Congressman said to me, in confidence: "Were I to do my full duty to the people who elected me to Congress I would refuse to go into the Democratic caucus, and thereby prevent election of Crisp Speaker of the House. I ought to do it. The fight for free silver ought to be made on that line. The only hope in the House is to defeat Crisp for the speakership. The only way to defeat him is to keep him silent. By going into the caucus I make myself party to his election. In doing that I repudiate my pledges to my constituents. By my vote I put it in the power of a man to do what I have solemnly promised the people should not be done. So it is simply a question of doing my duty to the people or following blindly the Democratic leaders. I suppose I shall pocket my convictions and continue to bombard the people with platitudes." He said that "the best and paramount duty of a Democrat is allegiance to party. I shall ring the changes on that old thread-bare 'saw,' and you would be surprised to know how readily and eagerly the people gulp it down. They really get enthusiastic over it. The average Democrat don't care a snap for principle, but he is particular in voting for a fellow who is not handy in making explanations. Democracy is a religion with our people and they permit a good deal of 'backsliding and falling from grace' before they 'un-church' a fellow. Our people don't care any thing about the Sherman law. In voting to repeal it, we give the lie to our platform promises, but a little thing like that doesn't hurt the Democratic party. There is nothing mean in that, and the peo-

NOTE.—Marion Butler is billed for a speech in this neighborhood and I expect he will try to explain all these

expect he will try to explain all these matters.

Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle

acted a settlement of its debt by paying the creditors twenty-three cents on the dollar. A thanksgiving service over the fact was held last Sunday in which the creditors are not supposed to have taken part.—News.

Hercules. The financial question is a new shape. The Tabernacle is frequented by the rich emigrants of New York and many a bold head from the stock exchange is seen shining when the voluble Talmage adveth his month to preach. \* \* We advise the rich worshipers in this gorgeous temple to make restitution in time. They will die with unpaid mortgages on their souls and the very next dawn will be an action of ejectment against their perjured spirits.—Nonconformist.

**THE POLITICAL SIGNAL SERVICE.**

(Nonconformist.)

Beginning in January, 1892, the weekly statement of business failures showed a very great reduction from the corresponding weeks in 1891. It was apparent to any observer that a revision of rules governing this feature of the reports had been enforced for the benefit of the presidential campaign. The number of quills sawed and industry quirt as much as expressed as marked former years. Even under the new revision business continues to "hook up" to the tune of 25 to 30 per cent. more failures than last year.

"The Nation admires the patriotism which battles for what he believes to be right, and who gracefully accepts the situation when his party suffers the misfortunes of war. It has no use for the cringing putty-ball of politics who changes his political coat every time the Government changes its political hue."—Washington Post.

Is it possible that a chameleon can be unconscious of its own varying hues? \_\_\_\_\_

CLIMBING UP! CLIMBING UP!  
The circulation of THE CASPIAN is climbing up daily. But we want it to climb faster and higher still. Now is the time to work. Let every reformer consider it his duty to help get the paper into the hands of the people. Get up clubs. Everywhere one can help. \_\_\_\_\_

If you want to keep up with the procession you must read THE CASPIAN each week.

Now, fellow farmers and countrymen, we have here the naked, brazen truth in all its ugliness. You are simply dupes; you are a playing, a football, a door-mat, a clump, a fool. You are advocates of a great political principle without the common intelligence to know when you are being hum-bugged. You advocate a party platform and vote for men who insolently throw its utterances into your very teeth as the veriest humbuggery. It is any wonder that congressmen ignore your wishes and spit upon your demands; it is no wonder that they scorn and contemptuously disdain your humble pretensions to think and act for yourself! But if there is any manhood in our people I reckon that the little political boss is winking without his host. I thank God for the enlightenment and education that is awakening the people to a realization of the conditions which political bondage is responsible for. Independent political action is the key to the only solution of our political ills. We must go back to "first principles"; we must maintain the integrity of our convictions; we must elect honest, courageous, God-fearing men to office. Come on to Washington when congress meets and let me introduce you to the American Congress, and my word for it, you will go back to your plow-handles a wiser man, a truer patriot, and an eternal, relentless foe to the machine that grinds out such a grisly, bitter tongue for our countrymen. It is no longer a conundrum, brethren. It is a question to command, not to obey; yours to demand, not to supplicate; yours to direct, not to follow.

MEDDLE IN THE STATE BANK TAX.

"The something in the place of the Sherman law" is the repeal of the "ten per cent. tax on State banks." Unmistakably our weak-kneed, free silver, Southern congressmen are leading up to this as an excuse for voting to destroy silver and the people's money. Of course they will swear that it is not so, but the fact is, and it can be demonstrated that Mr. Cleveland has dictated this policy. Equally, of course, is the establishment of State banks—a means of increasing the currency—transparent humbuggery. Only thick-headed chumps believe in such fool ideas. Finally, to show it, and to show the chucks at the stability of the Southern congressmen and Democratic newspapers who advocate it and accept it. I have no

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# THE CAUCASIAN

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MARION BUTLER, Editor & Prop.

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[Entered at the Post Office at Goldsboro, N. C., as second-class mail matter.]

Mr. E. M. Peterson, of Sampson county, formerly on THE CAUCASIAN staff, but now traveling for a business house, in a private letter written from Dover, Delaware, says:

"This is the finest farming country I ever saw; that is, the land is rich and the people are industrious. The people have a plenty of everything with one exception, that is money. Among the agricultural and laboring people, I find money as scarce here as in North Carolina; can you understand that? There is no overproduction of cotton in this State."

The above speaks for itself. The wealth producers everywhere are suffering from the same cause, not an overproduction of products, but an underproduction of money. Not enough of it to measure the products which they make at a fair price, and to transact the business of the country. If the gold-bugs control the next congress, the People's party will have a big following in Delaware, as well as in North Carolina. There would already be a bigger vote there than there is, if the people only knew the cause of their poverty, suffering and distress.

If the Liquor Dealers Association of North Carolina should always act with the Democratic party, you will never see anything in the machine papers about the organization going into politics. But if the time should ever come when the machine should refuse to stand by the liquor men and they should decide to take independent action, then you will hear a terrible howl go up all over North Carolina, that "the organization was a good thing till demagogues and office-seekers carried it into politics."

Our friends now say that THE CAUCASIAN is the best paper in the State. But it will be still better when congress meets. Don't let your subscription run out, don't let your neighbors run out. Now above all other times you should read THE CAUCASIAN. Have you a neighbor who does not take the paper? If so, don't let him do without it another week. How can you expect your neighbors to agree with you on public questions, when they do not know the facts.

If a congressman votes for a gold bug speaker, he may afterwards vote for free silver, but he will not thereby fool the people. The people know that the real fight is over the Speaker. They know that the Speaker appoints the committees. They know that the Speaker has the power to stifle or bring forward legislation. The people will watch how each congressman votes for speaker. The man who betrays his people at this point is a traitor all through.

Charges have been preferred against the Postmaster at Dallas, N. C. The chief specification is that he does not wear socks. The Mugwump Administration after considering the matter for some time, decided that offensive feet was a crime equal in rank to offensive partisanship. So the socks P. M. has been bounced. However, he should not commit suicide in despair, for it is quite possible that Jerry Simpson may yet be President.

It is reported that Mr. Thurber, Mr. Cleveland's private secretary, was a few days ago that they could rely on Ransom and six out of the eight Democratic congressmen of North Carolina to vote for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman silver law. If they do, not one of them will ever be re-elected from North Carolina. Every congressman from this State is pledged to the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

We notice that some of our exchanges say that hoarding money has caused the financial trouble. We doubt it. How many people do you know who has any to hoard? But if it were so, it is a strong argument for more money. Men do not hoard money when there is a sufficiency of it in circulation.

To think of British gold owning and controlling the chief magistrate of "free" America, is a terrible thought. Let every patriot pray that congress may defy that terrible and seductive power.

Panics come when business is done on "confidence"; they never could come if business were done on cash. We must have more money—enough to do the business of the country on a cash basis.

Let every voter keep his eyes on congress when it meets. You will find it in THE CAUCASIAN.

THE CAUCASIAN is an eye opener every week. You can not afford to do without it.

At every meeting get up a petition to Congress, calling upon that body, especially on the member from your own district, not to vote to repeal the present silver law unless free and unlimited coinage of silver at the constitutional ratio is put in its stead. Pile your petitions and demands on Congress. The gold-bugs are getting the Boards of Trade to pass resolutions calling upon Congress to repeal the law and put no other silver law in its place. It is the duty of the people to demand what they want and what they know to be right and honest.

We invite your attention to the advertisement of the Oxford Female Seminary in another column. This old and famous school ranks easily among the most progressive in the State. The instruction is thorough, and its grade of scholarship is high. The location of the Seminary, both natural and socially, is all that could be desired. For catalogue or further information write to Pres. Holgood at Oxford.

The Raleigh correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch says that Gov. Elias Carr has gone down home to "Beechbridge farm" for a few days. When did that farm get that English don't-cher-know name? But then the Governor you know boasts that he has forgotten how to do everything but superintend a farm and vote the Democratic ticket—since he was President of the State Alliance.

CONGRESS WILL MEET. It will be an important session. The whole world will have its eyes upon that body and the fate of millions will tremble in the balance. Before that body adjourns human liberty will gain or lose ground. THE CAUCASIAN will keep you posted. We are not dependent upon the misleading and often false telegrams sent out by the agents of monopoly, but we have our own correspondent there. No paper in America has a better writer and shrewd observer at Washington City than THE CAUCASIAN has. "Jonathan Edwards" will turn on the light.

If a congressman pledged by his people to free silver goes into a caucus and ties his hands to the gold bug, he will have to face the dilemma of being crazy or being a traitor to his people. The real fight is over the election of a speaker. The election of a gold bug speaker, kills silver and more money.

In this week's issue see an open letter to Capt. Ashe. Also another to Gov. Carr. These are written by Alliance members of the Democratic faith. They write to THE CAUCASIAN, not because they love the paper, but because they are anxious to reach the people.

"The largest and the best meeting we have ever had" is the report that comes from many of the county Alliances. The farmers are just beginning to realize that they need an organization of their own, party or no party.

EVERY VOTER in America should keep his eye on the next congress. THE CAUCASIAN will get the facts if any paper does. We are not dependent upon tools of monopoly to furnish us with the facts. We have a long-headed man, who is a true friend of the people, in Washington. He will be there all the time. If anyone can find out what is going on behind the curtain he can and will. Be sure to get your neighbor to read THE CAUCASIAN. It is your duty to help get the facts before every voter. A man who does not know the truth can not act on it.

Why should labor be impoverished and hard times prevail while our broad beautiful land is groaning under its load of plenty? Who is to blame for it?

Rev. Thomas Dixon has been preaching on the "Power of Money." Next Sunday he will preach on the "Weakness of Money." He will tell what money can not do.

"A Machine Democrat" wants us to hold up on the election frauds. He writes us a "private letter" about it, but we publish it just the same.

Col. Harry Skinner will address the Alliance picnic at Cedar Creek, Cumberland county, to-morrow.

We regret to learn that Maj. W. A. Graham, Trustee of the State Business Agency Fund, is very sick.

DOES your neighbor read THE CAUCASIAN? Don't stop till every voter reads it. There is nothing like it for making voters for the reform cause.

The Postmaster at Mackley's Ferry, has been arrested by the Government detective for robbing the mails.

# THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

(Continued from first page.)

mentioned the subject to one single intelligent man here who does not speak of it only as a piece of common sense folly. But the old game of "fooling the people" will be repeated. Will it go down just once more? We shall see.

HOW IT WILL BE ACCOMPLISHED.

The Sherman law cannot be repealed with the adoption of a cloture or gag rule in the House. In the last Democratic congress, when the passage of a free coinage bill demanded a cloture rule, it was denounced on the Democratic side of the House as un-American, un-Republican, un-American, un-Republican; it was the resort of the despotic Czarist; it was a conception of the devil himself. By an overwhelming majority at the polls the people had demanded the free coinage of silver. Speaker Crisp made the rules of the House to suit the emergency. A handful of Republicans and gold-bug Democrats filibustered the silver bill to eternal death, and the one man who was responsible for the result then put a whole American Congress put to bed. Charles Crisp, the Democratic speaker of the 52nd Congress. I defy the whole Democratic party to controvert this assertion. But how is it now? "Cloture, cloture, cloture!" Without a cloture rule can never repeal the Sherman law or pass a tariff bill, is all the talk one hears now. And it all comes from the very Democrats who were the loudest in denouncing the cloture in the last congress. Effectively it is no name at all. It is simply unadulterated gall. I have been reading the debates on this subject in the last congress, and later on I shall ask space in your paper for the deadly parallel position then and now. It is worse than "crow," it is thoroughly decomposed carrion!

CLEVELAND A MASS OF DISEASE.

There is more in Mr. Cleveland's "gout" than appears on the surface. His feet and limbs were swollen above his knees when he left here so suddenly for Buzzard's Bay. (And by the way, when he was in the city, he was the name of his far away retreat.) Dr. Pierce, a noted New York specialist, came over here secretly for the purpose of examining and diagnosing the President. He fixed his headquarters at 227 Madison street, and he was very persistent in his general condition, on returning to New York, he said: "Mr. Cleveland's system was a reeking mass of corruption; that not a secretion of his whole, immense, gigantic body was in a healthy condition. This is no news to many people here who frequently see the President. Among them the opinion is openly expressed that a sudden death is likely to overtake the President at any time, and so we found it in this belief among newspaper men, that columns of matter concerning his life and career are kept in type awaiting the announcement that will startle the nation. Meanwhile, "the man at the White House" is a daily supplementing his stock of whetstones and axes with the latest modern attachments, and is anxiously biding his time. What music to his ears would be the sound of a blood-thirsting axe to the Democratic soul! But Grover is not a dead man yet. He has survived ordeals of digestion in the appointment of RENEAU ALLIANCE TILLMAN, of Tennessee, Register of the Treasury, that does doctors and specialists, rheumatism, tooth aches and jags. This East Tennessee renegade has jumped from obscurity into fame, from poverty into wealth, from a Keely Institute into the Salvation Army, with a rapidity that baffles the imagination and suggests a lightning calculator. He is a well-known character in Washington. When "big Dan," a Washington policeman, heard of Tillman's appointment he gasped for breath, and then, when he would give him his place, he said: "By the holy mother, now I'll be gettin' back me ten cents!" Not many moons ago Tillman was a distinguished guest at the Keely Institute, Laurel, Maryland. He proved to be a champion record smasher. Soon after a post-graduate course at the Institute he demonstrated to the alcoholic trade that a well-conducted "jag" had nothing to fear from the bi-chloride of gold bugaboo!

He came to Washington two or three years ago, bearing some official connection with the National Farmers' Alliance—headquarters located in the district of Columbia, a homesy man, and his spotless white lawn cravat were a Sunday-school superintendent's look that disarmed criticism and made capture at once and unconditionally of the fellows who, in and out of the hall, were trading on Alliance influence. Here, he said, "is a man who has something to trade on and who can deliver the goods." In this way he was brought to the attention of Harry Ransom and the National Democratic Executive Committee. They bought him, body and soul, and paid for him over and over again. They paid him for lying them; in appointing him Register of the Treasury, \$4,000 per year they have paid him, stop lying! It were to tell the truth now about how he renegaded and perjured himself in selling out the Alliance to the National Democratic Committee it would fill the administration, bring the blush of shame to the face of every honest man, and compel the United States to repudiate his nomination. It was a shameful, disgraceful, treacherous act, the hope is, the President, finding that he has been imposed upon, will recall the nomination and wipe this stigma from his administration. Easy-virtue, conciliatory, unscrupulous Macumbe, the champion Alliance negotiator, denounced Tillman's perfidy and treachery at the time, but since the election, supposedly upon the principle that nothing is too mean to do on a Democratic administration, he has been the most zealous among Tillman's promoters. And now the festive Macumbe is hanging around the Democratic pie counter, with a watery mouth, is waiting for his slice of the toothsome pastry. In the meantime our distinguished Democratic friend Robbins is mulling to himself, "Where in—h—l am I at, anyway?" And this, brethren, is what is called politics.

JOSEPH KINSEY, Principal.

Do you want your neighbors to read THE CAUCASIAN. If so, see in another column how we will help you. Offer good for two weeks only, at once.

What the man in the moon saw.

Senator Ransom and Josephus

# THE HIDDEN CITY.

By WALTER H. MDOUGALL.

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE HOUR OF NEED.

He stood there for a moment looking at the door, and then moved away, for a group of people was approaching, and he wished to evade them. The city gate leading to the orchards and to his own house was high, and he went out into the fields.

After walking awhile he came to his mill, silent and dark by the riverside, and then he thought that he would go beyond and to his own dwelling and see if he could say anything there. This scouting around so much of the morning and the evening had been so fascinating, and he had been so busy with his thoughts that he had not had time to think of his own affairs.

It was within two hours of midnight. The moon, which was in its last quarter, hung almost over the horizon in the far end of the canyon; the air was so still that the soft murmur of the river came clear to his ears as he stood in the shadow of the trees and looked toward his dwelling. Suddenly the silence was pierced by a low, broken cry—by what seemed to him as he listened, with a stifled pulse, the faintest, most distant chorus of voices.

He seized a long iron knife.

As a dream it seemed to come to him from some far-off desert place, like voices of the stars. Yet he surely heard it, faint, but clear, the air of "Annie Laurie," sung by male voices in unison, and it seemed the sweetest sound he had ever heard. It was for but a few moments that it was audible; then it sank away in the deepest silence, and he heard the voices of the night wind, and the silent stars and caught his breath.

What madness was this? Had he truly heard the voices, or were the sounds but some fantasy born of the hour and the night?

After a little reflection he arrived at the conclusion that what he had fancied he heard was but the result of momentary mental derangement, superinduced by the recent physical strain to which he had been subjected. It could have no other explanation, and he resolved to be careful in the future. His reflections were interrupted by the approach of people and the sound of female voices. He sank deeper into the shadow of the trees, and he heard the voices of the night wind, and the silent stars and caught his breath.

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# CONFESSIONS.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

"Dunk Downing" Stirs Up the Vote Thieves but He Defends Mr. Gray.

Mr. Downing—I will give you a few of the happenings in Cumberland.

Some of the "Democrats" in Fayetteville are frothing at the mouth about my letter to THE CAUCASIAN.

A crowd was standing in the sheriff's office with THE CAUCASIAN in hand trying to digest "Dunk Downing's" article, but would not read it aloud, but would hand one to another, and one of the crowd, who was a lawyer, said that it was a "pity that the law was not changed so a man could be prosecuted for writing and publishing such letters." The presumption is that the lawyer wants the law amended so that a man can be prosecuted for writing the truth. These people think now that it is unlawful to write the truth; however, they are taking it for granted that "custom makes law."

The lawyer also said that he did not think that the law was changed so a man could be prosecuted for writing the truth. These people think now that it is unlawful to write the truth; however, they are taking it for granted that "custom makes law."

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IN THE HOUR OF NEED.

He stood there for a moment looking at the door, and then moved away, for a group of people was approaching, and he wished to evade them. The city gate leading to the orchards and to his own house was high, and he went out into the fields.

After walking awhile he came to his mill, silent and dark by the riverside, and then he thought that he would go beyond and to his own dwelling and see if he could say anything there. This scouting around so much of the morning and the evening had been so fascinating, and he had been so busy with his thoughts that he had not had time to think of his own affairs.

It was within two hours of midnight. The moon, which was in its last quarter, hung almost over the horizon in the far end of the canyon; the air was so still that the soft murmur of the river came clear to his ears as he stood in the shadow of the trees and looked toward his dwelling. Suddenly the silence was pierced by a low, broken cry—by what seemed to him as he listened, with a stifled pulse, the faintest, most distant chorus of voices.

He seized a long iron knife.

As a dream it seemed to come to him from some far-off desert place, like voices of the stars. Yet he surely heard it, faint, but clear, the air of "Annie Laurie," sung by male voices in unison, and it seemed the sweetest sound he had ever heard. It was for but a few moments that it was audible; then it sank away in the deepest silence, and he heard the voices of the night wind, and the silent stars and caught his breath.

What madness was this? Had he truly heard the voices, or were the sounds but some fantasy born of the hour and the night?

After a little reflection he arrived at the conclusion that what he had fancied he heard was but the result of momentary mental derangement, superinduced by the recent physical strain to which he had been subjected. It could have no other explanation, and he resolved to be careful in the future. His reflections were interrupted by the approach of people and the sound of female voices. He sank deeper into the shadow of the trees, and he heard the voices of the night wind, and the silent stars and caught his breath.

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